

# NEW YORK CLIPPER

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ON THEIR GOLDEN-WEDDING DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.  
BY CALEB DUNN.

"Hand me my violin, dear Janet,  
And I'll play some old, familiar tune—  
Some strain that our souls can never forget,  
That I played for you in our honeymoon."  
She took from its case the treasured prize  
And tenderly handed it to him;  
There was something melting in her eyes  
That made her sight for a moment dim.  
He touched the strings with his fingers thin,  
And the old tones came most perfect and clear,  
And again the soul of that violin  
Breathed its richest notes on the listening ear.  
For a moment he paused: "My dear Janet,"  
He said, "I again shall never roam,  
For the sun of my life is well-nigh set."  
Then he played the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

What visions arose in that moment sweet!  
What m-mories of plaudits he had heard  
When the admiring world was bowed at his feet,  
By an impulse of worship with rapture stirred.

And again he paused as he said: "Janet,  
I am happy to know that you still are mine;  
As you were in my youth, you're my own love yet."  
Then the chords breathed the music of "Auld  
Lang Syne."

He laid the instrument softly down,  
And placed his hand on her head of gray.  
"God bless you!" he said. "God bless you, my own!  
God bless us, this golden-wedding day!"

## SHEOL!

ITS SIGHTS AND SINGULARITIES AS SEEN  
BY SI SLOKUM.

Sheol, formerly Hell, is located, as every person of fair to middling intelligence knows, on the thither side of the river Styx, which is its northern boundary, barring the Sheolites, who Sheolites know no north, neither east, nor west, differing greatly from John Sherman and others of his kin.

This famous river of antiquity—most rivers are more or less antique, from a mundane standpoint, but the antiquity of the river Styx is greater than that of any other, and dates from the "way back" at the close of the rebellion in Paradise, when General Satan was worsted by General Michael and sent "whirling 'own the valley," so to speak, with all his mighty host (see Milton's "Paradise Lost"), the fears of the vanquished rebels forming the river named; all of which occurred several years prior to the building up of the Earth, a six days' job, as reported in ancient chronicles, but not generally accepted in these days, it being believed that a serious mistake in time was made by the reporters of the period, who undoubtedly had been to a free feed and were reckless in their statements, as most are in these latter days.

But it matters not whether the building required six days or six million years—more likely the latter—I was about to mention that this stream is navigated by one craft only, a ferryboat, which carries all the passengers from earth to the Plutonian shore. It is a most outrageous monopoly in the interest of one Charon, who, brooking no competition, gobbled the only competitive line, the West Shore, thus securing control of the entire passenger traffic on the river, said traffic being enormous. This ferryboat is an omnibus after its deck is enormous platform, without cabin or embrasures, as though one and carries unlimited thousands at every trip; Captain Charon always on deck, as the single conductor that I should see to assist him, but the crowd is orderly and silent—everyone seems to be dumb, in fact—and he has no trouble whatever.

The river is broad and black as asphaltum, without current or motion of any sort, and through the limpid liquid the boat glides with marvelous speed, though how propelled I could not imagine, as no engine, smoke-stacks or paddle-wheels were visible, while the water astern—if it were water—showed no sign of being churned by a propeller.

I crossed the Styx on this singular ferry-boat, with its multitudinous freight of passengers, male and female, all nude, myself included, and all unconcerned, as though always having gone about in such undress—crossed, I don't know in how long or short a time, as time was left behind us, and landed at the Custom-house in Sheol, where I was met by the Collector of Customs himself, General Satan in command of Sheol, to whom I had letters of introduction. When these were read, I was received with open arms by the General—His Sheolite Majesty, in court parlance—and presented with the freedom of the country in a brass box, being then taken in tow by H. S. M., who would show me the elephant, he facetiously put it.

As a detailed account of what I saw during my sojourn in Sheol would require the space of ten volumes, more or less, THE CLIPPER, it cannot be expected that I can give anything near a general summary of things in Sheol, with a few particulars here and there of persons and things in particular; and if the reader expects differently, he is the victim of too "great expectations," and must not charge the fault to my account.

How long I sojourned in Sheol, I have no means of knowing, time being a thing unknown in that locality. To all intents and purposes, it was an age, for I saw and went through more than the average man of fifty sees and experiences in that number of years on earth; and yet I may not have stayed there over twenty minutes by the clock, if as long as that.

Topographically, the face of the country is much like that of the earth—mountain and plain, forest and river meeting the eye; but the country is flat in a general sense, and bright red—scarlet—in color throughout, all its features partaking of that erubescence hue, with no shadows to relieve the high lights. I saw you here that the inhabitants are all of the same ensanguined hue, from hair to toenails, inclusive.

It will strike the reader, no doubt, that this all-prevailing and pervading color would be monotonous; that the eye, meeting red land, red waters, red forest, red rocks and red immortals of both sexes, together with a red sky, if I may call it that, anyhow, a vault as of highly-burnished copper, knowing no change in its brightness, would quickly weary for contrasting hues. Well, the earthly eye would tire quickly of this monotonous red, but the eye Sheolite, looking through its lenses redly, is content and satisfied with this all-surrounding erubescence and makes not contrast. I may say for myself that this red monotony outraged my eyes at first, but in a twinkling, it was I that I lay upon this red onion, with serenity if not satisfaction, as one to the master-born—don't be sarcastic, now—and say you guess the writer was that way born—so it goes without saying that this universal red is no disturbing factor in the natural economy of Sheol.

The bright coppery sky, canopy, firmament, or

whatever I should call it, never loses its brightness, as I have intimated, and across its limitless expanse never rolls sun or moon or stars, these being needless. I asked H. S. M. if the sky gave all below it the solerino hue, or vice versa. Neither, he said; but that it was one consolidated red from the start.

The blood-red rivers of Sheol have no currents, and lie smooth and unruled—there are no winds in Sheol—like so many collections of red ink. If you think it is no place for yacht racing, then you are left, for yachts there are, but without sail, steam, electricity or any power known to mortals, let which glide in any direction with the speed of thought, almost, seemingly at the will of those in command. I asked the Grand Supervisor of Sheol about this motive power, and he said it was the action of mind over matter, in conjunction with power derived from the original protoplasm of cosmic force, or something like that; to that effect, you understand, without understanding anything about this cosmic protoplasm or the application thereof to matter Sheolitic any more than did the writer.

The climate of Sheol is of a oneness rivaling that of its redness, never varying one degree in temperature, which stands over at 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit, in the shade—anywhere, there being no sunshine or shade—with no moving air at all, and no rain, snow or wind. This may, undoubtedly, does seem warm to the reader, but I assure him that the Sheolites take to it kindly, as I did myself, after giving one or two gasps and gulping a good draught of the then to me astonishing hot air, thus becoming acclimated, as it were.

The productions of nature here, in the edible line, are fruits only, which, as a matter of course, are hot, besides being acrid. The first taste of a banana was a revelation in the way of banana flavor, and, I must say, not a pleasing one; but after sampling an orange and an apple—this last is the favorite fruit of Sheol's Supervisor, and I readily understood why, after learning that he favored this above all other fruits—I became accus- toed to the taste, as one does to that of tobacco, the nastiest thing in existence—but isn't it good, though, the cigar and cud?

In the animal kingdom, one sees what is to be seen at the present day on earth, with mastodons, megalithers, megalonyxes, unicorns and things of previous ages, and all one red. The same sorts of birds fly in Sheol as on earth, only that they are of the prevailing hue; and then they have rocs, dodos and other birds of prodigious architectural dimensions, such as lived on earth before it had really cooled off, and which we read about in "Munchausen" and "The Arabian Nights." The fishes are the same as earth's, with monsters such as we never saw or heard of.

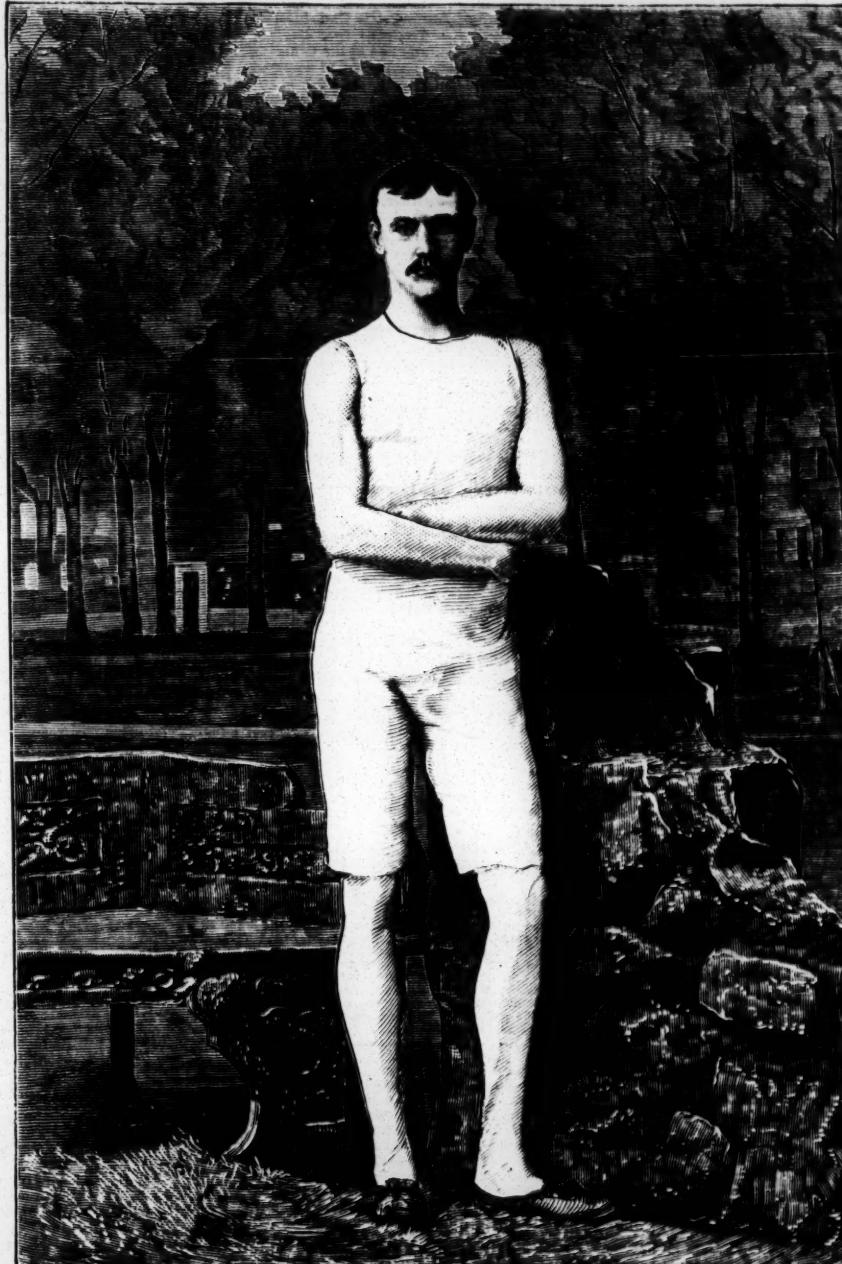
As a place of abode, Sheol lays away over the earth in many respects. The inhabitants are not the slaves of fashion, and at the mercy of tailors in the master of dress, nudity prevailing, with never an exception. Nothing, of course, is thought of there, and the new-comer becomes hardened to it at once, from the first—by the Phoenix, having left his clothes behind him, or her, no raiment ever crossing the Styx. This is a deliverance that cannot be too highly appreciated, I think. Just think of it: no dressing and undressing; no switched-off buttons to swear about; no dusters hiding seedy Summer suits in the Fall; no tailors' duns dogging you; no tight boots wringing the heart out of you through your bunions; no hat three sizes too small in the morning, with minor exemptions too numerous to mention.

Sheol is not a "house of many mansions," there not being a shambang of any size or kind in the whole length and breadth of the land, barring the Custom-house. I asked the Grand Supervisor about this, and where the inhabitants slept o' nights? He replied thus:

"Those who enter here leave sleep behind, with night and day and the seasons."

I found this to be the case, that sleep was never indulged in, none ever feeling any desire or need of earth's sweet restorer. This is a gain, I think, no time being lost in bed—the average mortal sleeps too much—and no one suffering from the effects of insomnia. Besides, there is the cost of bedding saved; and, there being no houses, the cost of furniture—great saving to those of frugal turn.

Where the Sheolites have the biggest budge on the earthling is this: he is not obliged to eat or drink in order to sustain life, although he eats at the super-duper, the red-hot waters from hell, I suppose. When the writer thinks of the bull steaks and things that have been set before the table, the Coney Island clam chowders, the church-festival oyster stews, the boarding-house bob-bean, tough old ram, sent on for Spring lamb, and a thousand and one other comestibles of a base character or baser cooking, including the average mince-pie, of whose ingredients no



WENDELL BAKER, AMATEUR RUNNER.

S. M.) is willing the thing should go on. I would say here that H. S. M. is not so black as he has been painted by the persons—a few charables ones of earth have maintained this at long odds—not being at all black, but red, like the rest of his subjects, and of a little deeper hue, perhaps.

As to his having horns tall and a cloven hoof, that is a ghost story, made out of whole cloth, he being as well formed an individual as ever lived, with nothing abnormal about him except, to mortals, his color, which in Sheol is not at all abnormal. Speaking of tails, H. S. M. assured me that Darwin's theory is sound, that man descended from a monkey, and that of the two the monkey has the more cause to be ashamed of the relationship; and what H. S. M. doesn't know about this matter isn't much worth knowing.

I reckon.

Sheol is a place of silence. Silence of silence reigns there. The silence of the tomb is dimly compared with the silence that settles upon Sheol. Not a sound is ever heard. Though the inhabitants talk—talk they hear not, yet understand perfectly. This is another sweet boon in many respects. We are free from the squeak of the hurdy-gurdy, howl of the licensed venders, the blood-curdling howls of nocturnal felines, the windy mouthings of pot-house politicians and other exasperating noises of earth, including the blare of dose leadle Cherman brass bands. These are all there, but the performances, when they take place, are pantomimic, with no ear-reaching sounds. You will say, doubtless, that Sheol will never become popular with the sex, ward politicians and others who like to hear themselves talk; but you must learn that every newcomer almost instantly becomes accustomed to the condition of affairs, and, as I said of myself, as though the former torn and never after relapses into human methods. Were the Supervisor of Sheol on their heads, in some sudden freak, commanding them to remain thus until further notice, they would accept the situation as readily as in other cases, showing no sign of discomfiture. This does not come of philosophic tendencies—unnumbered millions wouldn't all be philosophers—but from some inexorable natural law or the will of the autocrat of the limitless dominion. Yes, the sex and others mentioned would at once and perfectly accommodate themselves to the Sheolitic state of affairs, and be satisfied with seeing and knowing that they talked and were understood, and wouldn't miss the sound of their voices. You would miss vocal and instrumental music, you say. No; understand that you miss nothing there; if anyone does, he gives no sign. At first this intense silence almost overwhelmed me with the oppression of numberless tons, but before I could begin to dwell upon it I seemed to have become accustomed to it for ages.

But, if sound is completely knocked out in Sheol, sight gets in its work to a degree unparalleled, and there are new sights to be seen with every eye. Julius Caesar, even when he was new-comer, may have been but a corporal of marines on earth, and this it is that makes him feel at home at once, as I did when I shook hands with Alcibiades, late of Athens, and a tremendous swell in that city. How different here, where a man is a nobody unless a millionaire. Speaking of millionaires, I would say that such as have descended from earth are all here, excepting Monte-flore and Peabody, and that they are, by their own natures, impelled to dig for gold, continually finding it in plenty, but which vanishes the instant they touch it, whereupon they dig for more, with the same result. Fishermen who have devoted their earthly lives to telling big fish-stories sit on the river's bank and pull up the tiniest of fishes, seeing whoppers sail tantalizingly by, with never a one to their hooks. And so it goes with all who have been off-color in any way on earth, until they go to the Supervisor and acknowledge they were too grasping or weren't square on earth, and have got enough of fishing, digging, etc., when he considerably lets up on them; but they generally backslide, particularly the millionaires and fishermen, going back to their work for a longer period. In the course of eternity—say centuries, as we reckon—they may settle down to be respectable citizens of Sheol, hating the sight of gaudiness or sorrow.

When he gets his first comprehensive look around, scooping in everybody at a flash, he sees that there is no caste in Sheol—barring the supervisorship—and that he is on a par with everyone else with Julius Caesar, even when he was new-comer, and this it is that makes him feel at home at once, as I did when I shook hands with Alcibiades, late of Athens, and a tremendous swell in that city. How different here, where a man is a nobody unless a millionaire. Speaking of millionaires, I would say that such as have descended from earth are all here, excepting Monte-flore and Peabody, and that they are, by their own natures, impelled to dig for gold, continually finding it in plenty, but which vanishes the instant they touch it, whereupon they dig for more, with the same result.

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One day, so to call it—in my rambles in Sheol, I came across "Old Hickory" and William L. Marcy, seated on a rock discussing the present Administration at Washington. I heard William say—"no, saw him say, "To the victors belongs the spoils." "So they do, by the Eternal!" responded "Old Hickory." Just here Peter the Great came up and begged a chew of tobacco from me when I strolled off with him, coming across Julius Caesar dancing with Cleopatra. Marc Antony in the distance looking on, but showing no sign of jealousy, whatever he may have felt at the trying moment.

The Count Joannes saw playing Richard III, in the open, to a presumably admiring audience of three million or more, although you wouldn't have thought they admired for a cent; and among the spectators was Richard himself. I asked Dick, after the performance, what he thought of it. "Oh, he can't do me for a continental," he said. "He hasn't got my style at all. But it pleases him, and I don't care a flip;" and he looked his indifference, as everyone here does. "Come down to the river," said he, "and have a hot-blood sanguine—it looks like blood to me, you know." I declined, and he went off by himself for the tipple.

Shortly after I came across Mary Queen of Scots. I asked her how it felt to have one hand cut off. She said she felt as though her right arm had shot through her neck, when she began to wonder what had become of her left, and would have given fifteen dollars if she could have found her hamis to clasp round with and pull him together. Then she remembered me no more. I asked her how she liked Sheol, and she said she was indifferent; and so say they all. This universal and utter indifference may seem strange to mortals, but I assure them that the Sheolites take it kindly, because it is so ordained, and they can't help themselves.

Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton I came across. They were discussing the "Code of Honor." As I took no interest in that obsolete "Code," I left them to their discussion. I saw Queen Bess, and if she weren't arm-in-arm with Sir Walter Raleigh,

whom she sent to the block, then I'm a fisherman. I asked Alexander the Great, whom I met one day, why he didn't rally the boys round the flag, and capture Sheol.

"Too much indifference here, my boy," said he; "and I've got it bad, too." He had, indeed, been a member of the National and Wellington. I'm not mentioning the common serfs of earth, to any extent you will notice, albeit in Sheol all are on a dead level—engaged in fighting the battle of Waterloo again. I heard Nap say: "If I could have got my troops into line once more, I'd have knocked the stuffing out of you, Well." "Not much," said the latter; and I left them to fight it out on that line if it took all eternity. The Queen of Sheba I saw teat-a-tea with Beau Brummell; if I didn't I'm again a fisherman! I next came across Ananias and Judas engaged in a private conversation, which I did not interrupt, as I didn't care about being seen in their company.

Sayers and Cribb, the two Toms, I saw sparring for points before a large audience, and, of course, saw as funny a thing as when Heenan and Heyer slugged each other—dukes shooting through mugs and bread-baskets, and two forms that wrestled as one at times. Sayers had the better of it; but when a wood-and-Indian expression of face was his only reward, of course he was indifferent, and didn't care a cent.

John Rogers, looking none the worse for the roast he got at the stake, and Moll Pitcher of Lynn, drawn for a witch in the good old blue-law days of Massachusetts, I saw arm-in-arm on the promenade. I was about to speak to John when a guy-a-cum passed through my body, distracting my attention from the worthy couple named.

After this it seemed as though I was singled out to be walked through a good-sized menagerie going through me without damage. But I might go on till the year 1950 and not tell half the sights and people I saw in Sheol, and so I might as well stop now and here.

The great drawback to a life in Sheol, for one of my proclivities, is the utter dearth of churches. If the ex-parsons I saw there would only preach in the open I could get along, but for some reason that I couldn't learn—indifference, probably—they won't, and so there are no church services at all, which is to be deplored.

To sum up, I would say that, on the whole, church is no church, I consider Sheol a far more desirable place of residence than Jersey, and don't care who knows it.

N. B.—This sojourn in Sheol was during a dream superinduced by half of a Jersey mince-pie, which I ate in a tavern there not long ago. This accounts for my animal in regard to Jersey. But why any animal at all? The dream was a remarkable one, and I wouldn't have missed it for uncouth shucks—uncouth shucks might not number more than seven or eight at the most—and so I waive all animals, and declare that I believe Jersey to be a good place to reside in as Sheol—with a mental reservation. This is making the *amende honorable*, I think.

## THEATRICAL RECORD.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

Movements, Business, Incidents, and Biographies of the Theatrical, Musical, Minstrel, Variety and Circus Professions.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1885.

## LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

Special Reports by The Clipper's Correspondents of the Opening Night of the Week in Various Parts of the Country.

Reports of performances on Monday nights in the following places reach us by mail: Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, Albany, Troy, Providence, Newark, Paterson, Hoboken and Princeton.

"Paquita's" Failure Causes Trouble in 'Frisco—Opening of Charley Reed's New Minstrels—Blanche Curtiss Doing Well—Mrs. McKee Rankin to Protect Her Spouse—Kittie B. Stuart Kills Herself—Carleton Discounted on "Nanon"—In General.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 20. BALDWIN THEATRE.—"Paquita" is a dead failure, as my last wiring predicted would be the case. It was billed for two weeks, but has wisely been withdrawn, and Bartley Campbell now threatens Manager Al. Hayman for non-fulfillment of contract. Hayman has brought a counter suit against Campbell on the same ground. "Forget-me-not" was done Oct. 19 with Jeffreys Lewis, Fred De Belleville, W. H. Thompson and Lewis Morrison in the cast. Morrison will benefit 23.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.—"Divorce" did not attract pure business, and was put on 14, and did well. "Stormbrake" was given 14, and the cast was excellent. Mrs. Bates and Zee Tuttle recently joined the stock here. It is the intention to produce "Macbeth" in great style soon.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—"A Bag Baby" continues to crowded houses. It has made a big hit. Salsbury's Troubadours follow Nov. 2.

STANDARD THEATRE.—Charley Reed's new minstrels made their initial bow Oct. 19, to "Laughing-Room Only." The company is excellent, comprising Reed, Billy Birch, Billy Emerson, Clark, Gus Mills and Colburn and Clayton. Fruilman, Bedell, Woods, Brydges and Meyers are the vocal quintet. Comell's Japanese Jugglers also appeared, and the performance was entirely enjoyable. Business is fine.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.—Blanche Curtiss has succeeded in catching on, and is doing well in "Only a Woman's Heart."

FOUNTAIN-NEW 19: Sylvester Duray, Morris Pracks, Sam Mason and Lydia Lester.

SPAKES.—W. H. Bert's Co. are doing well in Oregon. Will Bray joins Reed's Minstrels 20. Judd goes to Mexico in January. Milton Naples will play in Oakland, San Jose and adjacent towns, then through Oregon to British Columbia. .... Kittie Bryant, better known as Kate B. Stuart, formerly with Curtis' "Spot Cash" Co., committed suicide by taking chloroform one day last week.... Josh Billings' remains will be taken East.... Mrs. McKee Rankin has made an application in the courts to become sole trader and manager, in order to protect her husband's interests against creditors. .... It seems to be true that Sarah Aileen Sharon-Hill will open at the Grand Nov. 9 as Portia, under Chas. McGeathy.... "Nanon" was put on at the Tivoli 19 in fine style. It will hurt Carleton's date here.... F. M. Wilts takes out a reorganized "Cold Day" Co. this week, opening in Sacramento 23-25.

An Important Minstrel Whisper—"The Magistrate" a Go at Boston Museum—Rhea Opens Well—Success of the Kernels' New Show, Etc.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 20. At the Museum last night there was a great house. "The Magistrate" made a big success, as was expected, this being largely due to the merits of the play itself. It was handsomely staged. Of the cast Wm. Seymour's Cis easily captured the first honors. Owen, Barron, Mason and Annie Clarke were all good, particularly the lady, who wore some exquisite costumes. Nolan caught on in an old-time servant bit. The first act dragged a trifle, but this may be excused on the ground of a first performance. The Museum stock, of course, play these pieces slower than Daly's people, but future presentations and greater familiarity will tend to remedy this fault. .... The Boston was largely attended, and Rhea was enthusiastically welcomed. .... Maggie Mitchell's second week opening was satisfactory.... The Bijou was well attended at all performances.

Initial Performance at a New Theatre. CLEVELAND, Oct. 20. Henry Lee in "The Don" appeared at the Euclid at a fair attendance. James O'Neill in "Monte Cristo" opened at the National to the largest house of the season. Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" attracted a fashionable but large audience at Ford's. Gibson and Ryan in "Irish Aristocracy" at Herzog's had standing-room only. CHAS. Atkinson's Dime Museum appeared in the play "Without a Home," which was placed on the stage in excellent style and was witnessed by a very large audience. At the Comique, a variety and burlesque bill, with Alice Oates as the chief attraction, packed the house.

How Washington was Amused. WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 20.

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Howard was packed, and the Kernels' Co. gave a rattling good show. Hits were made by the Kernels, Harry La Rose (revolving-globe act) Bryant and Richmond, Sisters Conson and La Mortimer. Good turns were done by Bryant, Saville, Florence Mathews and Annie Suits. Damont's "Half-way House" went somewhat slowly.... The Windsor, with "Esmeralda," opened excellently.... Another crowded house was noticed at the opening of the second week of the World's Museum yesterday. Austin & Stone's place was the rendezvous of the usual big Monday audiences, and Keith & Belcher's "Gayety Hall" was not left, by any means, for a steady stream of humanity poured within the portals afternoon and evening. Fred Kyle, late with Keith & Belcher, tells me his purpose in opening crazy-quilt show in Brooklyn early next week.... It has been whistled to by all well-known agents—for former minstrel advance—that you need evince no surprise whatever if Carl Rankin is found performing with the Thatcher, Primrose & West party in the near future....

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that occasionally comes upon them. They need not go into details. It will suffice for them to say: "For further particulars, see small bills."

It is now asserted that Eliza Weathersby's retirement from the stage is permanent.

Henry E. Dixey is betting on the Gubernatorial election in this State. There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

Josephine Finlay, who came over with D'Oyly Carte to play Yum-Yum in "The Mikado," has returned to England, it having been definitely decided that Laura Clemens will assume that role with the No. 2 Carte Co. A Mr. Walidder, from England, will be the Nanki-Po, we hear, and all others in the cast will be American. Walidder is in the chorus of the No. 1 Co., and has once or twice substituted in the more important roles.

Commander Foote and sister opened at the Royal Holborn Theatre, Eng., Sept. 14. During the week of 28 they gave their entertainment at the Yokohama House, Japanese Village, Colchester, Essex.

Charles Blake, the actor, will start out under J. K. O'Neill's management Nov. 22, in his new play, "Shamus."

J. R. Brindis, the violinist, gave a concert to the royal family of Sweden at Drottningholm (Stockholm's Eron) Sept. 5. The Prince of Wales was among the guests, and presented him with a Grand-silver secret containing 50.

Gene Tracy was recently taken quite ill at Butler, Mo., but recovered in time to join her company Oct. 18.

Edwin Boehm, regarded by many as the finest clarinet-player in this country, died in this city Oct. 14 of consumption, at the age of sixty years. He came to this country about 1848 with Gung's Band. For fifteen years he was a member of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra. He was the master of the Philharmonic and other musical societies. He leaves a wife.

The Seward-Nagle Legitimate Combination is open season about Oct. 24, in Jamestown, N. Y., will be made up thus: Frederic Seward, Alice Preston, Olive Seward, Alice Rich, Harry Sullivan, John Reynolds, Will T. Armstrong and Alfred P. Wolf, with Joseph E. Nagle as manager. Their repertory will include "The Rivals," "The Corsican Brothers," "London Assurance," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Three Guardsmen," and "The Recruiting Officer."

#### MASSACHUSETTS.

**Boston.**—We have Pinero's "The Magistrate" as the presiding attraction in this city just at present. It has been heralded well, and excellent business must needs follow. It was produced at the Boston Museum Oct. 19, and that date marked its initial performance. The Bostonians gave the cast last week. The next announced attraction is Redmond & Barry's "Midnight Marriage" Co., which comes Nov. 9, and I presume "The Magistrate" will hold the boards up to that date at least. John Gilbert closed a brilliant (in every respect) fortnight's engagement Oct. 17.

**BOSTON THEATRE.**—Rhea began a week's engagement in "Frou-Frou." The week will be filled out thus: 20 and 23, "A Dangerous Game" (played here before by this star as "Arcadia"); 21, "The Power of Love"; 22, "Lady Ashley"; 24, matinee, "Frou-Frou"; 24, evening, "The Power of Love" and the skit "Comedy and Tragedy." The energetic Morrissey has succeeded in boozing his attraction in pretty good shape, and it won't be his fault if the spacious old Boston isn't crowded nightly this week. "The Shadows of a Great City" closed a great fortnight 17. Next week the "cow-eyed" Judic bursts upon us, for a fortnight's stay. John Kelly, familiarly known as "Roger," an attaché of the theatre's advertising force, and who had charge of the lobby opera-glass stand, died morning of 15, aged 20.

**Globe.**—A week, which was left open by the curtailment of the Boston engagement of the Rosini Vokes Co., is being filled by that troupe. Primrose & West's blackbirds. They will pull out corking big money for the week, as the "top" has been heavy. I did not mean that you should interpret my dispatch of last week as detailing the non-success of "In Honor Bound" by the Vokes Co. It is a short, quite interesting story, was very picturesquely staged, and, while not by any means a howling go, caught on far better than to be recorded as non-successful. I deem this correction a justice to Miss Vokes and her brother artists. Henry Chanfrau in "Ku" next week.

**Bijou THEATRE.**—Reopened 13 (dark evening of 12) under the management of Ad. Neundorff, who presented to Bostonians, in "Stradella," one of the most pleasing and satisfying entertainments that have been seen and heard here in a long time. The opera is Flotow's happiest vein, and actually bubbles over with melodious gems. The piece, the artists and Director Neundorff all achieved distinct hits, and "Stradella" is on for a run which cannot fail of being successful. The opening night's audience, which, by-the-way, completely filled the house, was a traditional "Boston swell" assemblage.

**PARK THEATRE.**—Maggie Mitchell presented "Fanchon" 10, as the opening attraction of her second and closing week. The week will be taken up with the above piece and "Jane Eyre." Business thus far has been large, and the fortnight will pan out high figures. Next week, Fanny Davenport in "Fedora."

**HOWARD ATHENAEUM.**—The Kernels' New Co., comprising, in addition to the Bros. K., the Sisters Coulson, lately from abroad (their American debut), Annie Suite, W. T. Bryant and Lizzie Richmond, the Three Lamartines, Bryant and Saville, Florence Matthews, Charley Banks, John McAuliffe and James Nelson in sparring act, Harry La Rose and Frank Dumont, opened a week 19. Most of these people are old favorites in the Hub. Shock & Collier's "Stormbeaten" Co. played to great business last week. On the closing night, 17, an overflowing audience was in attendance. Certainly, business at the Howard has seemed to run particularly large ever since the opening of the place under Manager Harris' direction. He has surrounded himself with bright, energetic young men to assist him. There is also a way of adjusting to success in the direction of a show-house. Oliver Bryton in "The Inside Track" next week. Manager Harris has been over your way looking after his newest venture, "Denny Doon or Sweet Innisfall," by Walter Reynolds. It is reported that Cecil Stanley, a member of the company to support Hugo Fay, is the second son of an English lord, and that the young blue-blooded Thespian's name is Hon. Cecil F. Vivian. It sounds well, and I hope it is true.

**WINDSOR THEATRE.**—Although opportunities to get up to this cosy South-end theatre have not been afforded your correspondent in great plentitude as yet, still I learn that business continues in a highly-satisfactory manner. Dillon & Stedman's "Esmeralda" Co. hold the boards this week. Katherine Rogers, in "Claire," finished a tip-top week 17.

**WORLD'S MUSEUM.**—This house seems to have been very popular indeed, for the audience are there continually of the like from all parts of the world, but "all the world's wonder" appear to be determined to visit the place. It is amazing to observe the immense crowds that daily throng it. The room space is referred to as "the world's largest" and the audience is also a way as an adjustment to success in the direction of a show-house. Oliver Bryton in "The Inside Track" next week. Manager Harris has been over your way looking after his newest venture, "Denny Doon or Sweet Innisfall," by Walter Reynolds.

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**COLUMBUS.**—At Comstock's Opera-house Theo. Thomas' Orchestra, directed by Emma Juch and Alber Parke, opened Oct. 20, under the management of the Orpheus Club. Manbury & Overton's Co. played "Wages of Sin" 14, before fair audiences, but did not have the patronage they deserved. Dr. McAuley will render "Uncle Dan" 21.

**GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.**—Rentfrow's Musical Comedy Co. in "Scraps" opened 19 for the week. Lennox's "Hoop of Gold" attracted crowded houses week ended 17.

**SCHNEIDER'S WINTER GARDEN.**—Same bill as last week.

**NOTES.**—Alfred O'Meley lectured on "Shall We Bear the Ills?" to a fair audience 20, at the Grand.... Manager C. A. Miller spent last week in New York.... The Orpheus Club opened their rooms 14 to a large audience.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—Hammond's New Opera-house was formally inaugurated here Oct. 13 by Prof. Keller's Gem Specialty and Mystery Combination. Hagué's "Bad Boy" had played a week previously, but the scenery was then not all finished. The house seats 1,500, and is now fully equipped. The opening was a great success, and the manager is now well received.

**Cadiz.**—At the Opera-house Hildebrand's "Cry-

ogram of Prison Life" is billed for Oct. 22. Rentfrow's "Pathfinders" 30. F. B. Wadie in "Richard III" Nov. 3.

At Truesdell's Rink the attractions last week were the Green Co. 13 and Ella Stetson 15, 16, 17. Jones' Co. 18.

**CHICAGO.**—Ed. Kaufman, manager of the

Opera-house, is to take on the road a small company

called "The Musical Wonders" and consisting of Ed. Frey, Harley Throckmorton, Albert Griesheimer, Wm. Snyder and Freda. They will open at Washington Court-house Oct. 19. Healy & Biggs' Co. of Indian-music Co., under the management of J. D. Ward, have been here from 5. They closed 17.

**Findlay.**—Charles Davis has resumed the management of the Opera-house. He opened his season Oct. 5 to a large audience, and the house is now well filled. The new manager is a man of great energy and ability.

**CORINTH.**—The first symphony concert of the current season took place 7, evening, at Music Hall, under the direction again of Herr Wilhelm Gercke. Adele Margulies pianist, was the soloist, and, to judge from reports I have heard, she was practically the feature of the concert. Herr Gercke is the man to ask for a long old concert. He has a crew of "imports" from Faderland, to the palpable disadvantage of the orchestra's music. The usual low-priced rehearsals will be given Friday afternoons.... In the Divorce Court last week Kate M. vs. George H. Abbott, the case tried in the courtroom, the bill was deserted and the libellant said that Abbott left her to join a theatrical company. They were married Oct. 5, 1875. She was a Roman Catholic, he a Protestant, and she has not seen him since Jan. 28, 1882. The divorce was granted his desire, and he left the Hollis street. The late opening talk is that about Nov. 2 will witness the unfolding of the portals of this pretty place.... Dr.

George H. Bailey, well known to many in the profession, is the proprietor of the famous "Empress Eugenie's diamonds opera-glasses," which were given to him by James Fisk Jr. and his wife by Fisk's command a short time previous to his receiving Stokes' bullet. The glasses are encrusted with diamonds, there being altogether 50 "sparks" imbedded in the rims and body of the beautiful lorgnette.

**LAWRENCE.**—Atkinson & Cook's Dramatic Co.

opened at the Opera-house Oct. 12, and continued until 17 in an attractive repertory, at popular prices and to good houses. Miss Floy Crowell and E. F. Sullivan carried off the laurels. Following due 23, Carrie Swain; 28, Redmund and Barry; 26, Miss Sullivan and J. M. Michel.

**New Bedford.**—Arthur Rehan's Co. in "A Night Off" had a large and much audience Oct. 13. Mr. Rehan is sure of a house whenever he comes to New Bedford, and Mrs. Barry's "Ran and Fane" 16 had the average audience, and gave a satisfactory performance. Mr. "Bott" had his show to come 28, Carrie Swain and Barry's "Fantasy" 20, the Harvard Quartet in the Star Lyceum Course 30.

#### OHIO.

**Cincinnati.**—Last week, despite the intense political excitement and weather of the most inclement and dispiriting kind, was a good one for all our theatres, and we think the key to this success lies in the fact that the attractions playing are totally dissimilar in character, offering no opposition to one another, thus leaving a clear field for all to work in.

**GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.**—T. W. Keene had large houses last week. Opening Oct. 18, "Niagara"; 26, Redmond's "Aladdin's Lamp."

**Holyoke.**—The People's Theatre, now under the management of Abbott, Rescoe & Bunnell, with George H. Hayes as general manager, is doing well. The new week of 20 is Oct. 18, "The Devil's Disciple"; 21, "Julius Caesar"; 22, "The Merchant of Venice"; 23, "Matilda"; 24, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and 25, "The Merchant of Venice"; 26, "Julius Caesar"; 27, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 28, "The Merchant of Venice"; 29, "Matilda"; 30, "Julius Caesar"; 31, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and 1, "The Merchant of Venice"; 2, "Julius Caesar"; 3, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 4, "The Merchant of Venice"; 5, "Matilda"; 6, "Julius Caesar"; 7, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 8, "The Merchant of Venice"; 9, "Matilda"; 10, "Julius Caesar"; 11, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 12, "The Merchant of Venice"; 13, "Matilda"; 14, "Julius Caesar"; 15, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 16, "The Merchant of Venice"; 17, "Matilda"; 18, "Julius Caesar"; 19, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 20, "The Merchant of Venice"; 21, "Matilda"; 22, "Julius Caesar"; 23, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 24, "The Merchant of Venice"; 25, "Matilda"; 26, "Julius Caesar"; 27, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; 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avenue Theatre, where an end to its run is not even remotely contemplated at present.

LESTER WALLACK, in "Rosedale," is at Niblo's.

ANNIE PIXLEY made her metropolitan re-appearance Oct. 19 at the Grand Opera-house in her familiar "M'Lisa." It is two years or more since she was last seen here, and, of course, she met with a very cordial greeting. Next week she will play "Eily" for the first time in New York.

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.—The second Sunday evening concert at this house, Oct. 18, attracted a good house. This week is the last of "A Moral Crime," which we may add, has fared better here than at the Union-square. Next week, Manager Hill's "For a Brother's Life" Co. will open an engagement of five weeks.

DALY'S THEATRE.—"The Magistrate" is drawing crowded houses nightly, and will easily run through the time allotted to it by Mr. Daly.

MILLE LOU, the Spanish harpist, made her American debut at the Sunday evening concert at the Casino, Oct. 18. Belle Cole and Michael Peacock, the violinist, assisted.

HUBER'S PROSPECT MUSIC HALL.—The new house for the week commencing Oct. 19 are Minnie Schult, Lilli Bailey, May Deverchere, Adele Roselle, Little May Hall, Billy Gaylord and Budworth and Brimmer.

"OLD LAVENDER" is still on at Harrigan's Park Theatre, and is good for many more weeks. Meanwhile Mr. Harrigan, Manager M. W. Hanley and Dave Braham are collectively laboring on the new piece, which is expected to surprise everybody.

SADIE MARTIN recovered a judgment for \$430.32 Oct. 16 against Steele Mackaye, in a suit for salary—an outcome of the "Dakota" fiasco at the Lyceum.

THOMAS E. MORRIS' funeral occurred Oct. 13 from St. Augustine's Chapel, on Houston street. A. C. Moreland of the Elks read the ritual of the order, and E. W. Bradley that of the Masons. The Episcopal burial service was then read, after which the remains were conveyed to Elks' Rest.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT'S School of Acting is in progress, with thirty-four pupils. David Belasco is looking after the musical direction. Mme. Moline and Mrs. A. Thompson are among the teachers.

HENRY DAUVILLE'S engagement at the Lyceum in "One of Our Girls" will commence Nov. 9.

W. J. FERGUSON was served with summons on Oct. 14 in an action of The Engaver Job-printing Co. to recover \$1,708.72 for printing. Counsellor E. Price appears for the plaintiff.

C. H. MESTAYER and Helen Brooks close with Aborn's "Tourists" after the performance of that company in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 24. Mr. Mestayer is ill health. Marion Aborn and (probably) Marion Fiske join the party.

GLOVE DIME MUSEUM.—Emmett and Watt, Harry D'Albert, Florence Emmett, Bollas and Welsh, Al. Fosselle, Harry Thompson, Ed. Atkins and the stock furnish the stage-shows this week. Curios: Sprague, skeleton; Kistava, Indian princess; pin-machine, Punch-and-Judy; Prof. Gels, Prof. Schiari and Lambert Baston, fat-boy.

EMMA NEVADA, with her husband and father, arrived from Las Vegas on Oct. 18. The first concert of her new troupe will occur at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Oct. 27, 28. We notice that H. E. Abbey has canceled his dates for the Gerster concerts on account of Gerster's sickness in Paris.

GEORGE SCHILLER is doubling in "Evangeline," playing Capt. Deitrich and the King.

We hear that the long-pending negotiations between T. H. French and A. M. Palmer, as to the former's acquiring an interest in the Madison-square, were definitely closed Oct. 17, and that Mr. French will very soon be announced as Mr. Palmer's partner.

TONY PASTOR was welcomed home in right royal style evening of Oct. 19, when his vaudeville troupe returned from its successful road-trip to the cosy house on Fourteenth-street, and found a crowded and enthusiastic audience awaiting it. The little theatre is bright in new paint, red carpets, cardinal plush box-drapings (with Tony's initials on them, to be sure) and other "fixins." The company has seldom been stronger. May Arnott opens the programme, and her statue-appeal is good, though not at all new. P. C. Shortis' musical-act seems to grow better as he gains in practice; his banjo-solos are well done, and his play of Lange's "Flowersong" on the violin is highly successful. Tony and Alice Watson follow in "Kinderkopp's" "Dance," which gives the former a chance to display his intimate acquaintance with three languages, and the latter an opportunity to do some good singing. Tony Pastor comes next. His song-budget is timely and taking, as usual, and he received a large basket of flowers on his opening night, by-the-way. The American Four have elaborated their familiar sketch until it has become a veritable vest-breaker, and it is well that it is succeeded by something of the neat and quiet pattern like the Three St. Felix Sisters' dainty "Rehearsal in the Woods." This is the first appearance of the sisters as a trio in three years. All are as blithe as ever, and Henrietta is showing added liveliness and ease as the result of her recent essay in the legitimate—which didn't last long, though it did her a bit of good. Ed. H. Talbot's McNish-act is short and nicely done, and he makes an improvement on Frank's business by taking it out through his own voice. The result is right on. Hilda Towne was warmly welcomed. She is in fine voice, and her selections were good. Gladys Rosenthal's "Don't You Hear Dein Baile a Ringin?" 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14..... C. A. Mandum, advance for McAsley, M. L. Berry  
for Mrs. Clark C. Sammons for Kraly's were in the  
city last week.

**Akron.**—At the Academy of Music Polk's "Mixed Pickles" amused Oct. 16. Flora Moore failed to put in an appearance 17, although extensively billed. I understand the company had disbanded. Assembly Hall, Theo. Thomas' Opera House, Emma Juch, grand opening 17, was well patronized, considering the high prices, \$1.50 and \$1. Coming this week: "Around the World" (Kraly's) 19, Roland Reed 20, Lotta Church 21 and 22, Louise Balle 23, Alice Harrison 28, and "Footloose" 29.

**Findlay.**—Later—A new deal was made in the Opera house management Oct. 5, J. H. Roger, John A. Scott and P. B. Oliver retiring, and Charles Davis, W. J. Frey and J. C. Bushon succeeding. The new departure was signalized in a becoming manner by the Mestayer-Vaughan Co. in "We, Us & Co." a large and delighted audience.

**Chillicothe.**—Later—Salle Price came Oct. 16 to a very light house at the Masonic. She is a new candidate for public favor, as a star, and this was her fifth stand. She is a very promising actress, but need not be told that Foggs' Ferry is the best attraction of great magnitude. "Little Nugget" did good business at Clough's 15, and had a return date for 23. "Hoop of Gold" is at Masonic 19, and "Brave Woman" (Hardie and Von Leer) follow it 24.... Business is beginning to pick up in Southern Ohio, and though the State is over-run with companies, all seem to be doing fairly.

#### INDIANA.

**Indianapolis.**—The past week was better patronized at the low-priced houses than at their more pretentious relatives. The Grand reduced prices to ten, twenty-five, fifty and seventy-five cents, and may still be some policy.

**English Opera-House.**—Wallack's "Bandit Girl" Oct. 19, 20 an 21. Theo. Thomas 24, one night. E. L. Walton in "The Diamond Broker" did not fare well 12, 13 and 14. R. E. Graham has left the company, which is understood to be no longer under the management of R. E. J. Miles. The last of the week Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight, with "Over the Garden Wall," were very successful.

**Grand Opera-House.**—Lester & Allen's Minstrels 20 and 21, "Bunch of Keys," with Marletta Nash as Teddy, 22-24.... "Niagara" opened to a light house 12, but patronage increased somewhat 13, 14.... "Lost" was the attraction 15-17, when rather top-heavy houses were seen.

**Zoo THEATRE.**—May Fiske and attendant sylphs form the bill, 19, with the following specialists: Frank Livingston, Carlisle, Kittle Sheppard, Blanche Stetson, Maloney and Grey, Zoo Zeonetti, Mons. Searles, Harry C. Lake and Sheehan and Huilmes (second week). Alice Oates was booked with May Fiske for 19, which would have made an exceedingly strong show, but she canceled for a later date. The week ending 17 was the best known for some time, and the show seen will probably determine Manager Gilmore's policy in the future.

**Monroe Music.**—A large specialty bill is advertised for week 19-24. A succession of crowded houses was seen the six nights ending 17, when "Argonauts of '49" was on.

**THE TAG.**—Madame Leonie Juillard Payne is engaged on a translation of "Closerie des Genets." This is the original French from which "The Willow Cope" was taken (don't know whether this is news or not), but Madame Payne's addition is a decided improvement.

**Neilia Water.**—While swimming on Tonner and Froebel's horizontal bars before the performance at the Zoo 13, fell and broke her leg in two places. John Fitzgerald, Purcell and Juley were at the "Museum" and Mrs. Dill, Mrs. G. W. Gandy were married 16, and Mrs. J. C. Long goes to New York next month, having a position at the Third Avenue Theatre, he tells me.... Madame Cordial, a dancing tight-rope, made a hit at the Zoo last week.... Chas. Christy, ahead of Jefferson, was the headliner at the "Museum" and Marion Brown started at the Zoo 16 on account of the death of her brother, Al. Lavine, in your city, going on to the funeral.

**Madison.**—The new Grand Opera-house (Calloway & Marks, lessees and managers) is now completed. The building is 700x100'; stage, 35x700', proscenium-opening, 28x30'. There are four private-boxes, four star chambers and eight dressing-rooms, fifteen sets of scenery and a complete outfit of set stuff, painted by Sosman & Landis of Chicago. The auditorium is a marvel of beauty. Gas illuminates the house, and the dress-rooms are on the ground floor, and the house has a seating capacity of 900. The building was designed and built by Rankin & White, architects of this city. The management will have their own scenic-artist, and will be prepared in every manner to furnish the attractions of the most popular taste. The Opera-house Company congratulates themselves in securing two of Madison's enterprising business-men to take charge of this beautiful theatre. It will open this week (Oct. 19-24) with the Gran Englishmen, and the "Circus Queen" Oct. 29 and 30.... Klein's Central Garden has closed for the season. At Forrester's Comique the arrivals are Minnie Sells, Chas. Sells, Rose Ward and Tommy West.

**Sullivan.**—We have had several weeks of quiet in theatrical matters, and think we shall continue to have a calm season. The new "Majestic" is now open, and Dens is making no attempts to secure any companies for a while yet at the Opera-house. James Whitcomb Riley, poet and humorist, gave recitations Oct. 6, and pleased a large crowd. "Our Folks" will be put on here soon by amateur Sully's "Home Grown" comedies 28.

**Rockford.**—Mrs. Helen Coleman, the Georgia Wonder, entertained the public Oct. 14, 15 (my last report) made me say last week 7 and 8, to only fair houses. Mrs. Coleman is an attractive lady, highly educated and refined. I think she is far superior to Lulu Hurst.... Nettie Taylor, a lady of rare eloquence, joined the Amateur Dramatic Co. 3. She will play the leading-lady roles, while John W. Graham, one of our clear managers, will put all his force in the character parts.

**Frederick.**—In the dining palace, must be doing good "biz" above. He was playing Leavenworth, a burg about fifty miles from here, at last accounts.... The advance-agent for the San Francisco Quartet was in town 15, making arrangements for the appearance of that outfit.

**Fort Wayne.**—Lester Williams' "Parlor Match" had a big house Oct. 14, at Masonic Temple. Dan Sully, in "Corner Grocery," comes 19, and Lester & Allen's Minstrels 23.... At the Academy Seabrooke's Co. play "Hobbies" to-night (17), and Annie Lewis has three nights' engagement opening 19.... At the Princess Rink the Theodore Thomas Opera Co. appear 22. Arrangements have been made to run excursion trains 18, the roads, and they are planned to have a good house.... H. Stoum, who has been exhibited in the Boston Drama Museum as a fat man, has returned home somewhat disgusted with his first season's experience.

**La Fayette.**—Kruger's "Skating-rink" is the most popular house in town. It is still running, however.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.**—Amy Gordon warbled "The Maid of the Alcazar" to big houses, but substituted "Pirates of Penzance" for "Fairy Queen" last week. This week's card is "Mug's Landing."

**STANHOPE & EPSTEIN'S MUSEUM.**—This week: Madame and Gen. Carver, the Maid of Anapa, Dannie and Charley, the Alben Wonders, Signor Fiorini and dogs, J. W. Montgomery, Sam Lang and Dolly Sharpless, Beach, Billy Watson, James Cagney, and the Great Hand of Death.

**DOORKEEPER.**—Hester Abbott of the Olympic was cut in five places by Joseph Goldfarb's morning of 17, as the result of a dispute in a fourth-av. saloon. Goldfarb escaped. The wounds are not dangerous.

**Ottawa.**—Stokes' concert at the Opera-house Oct. 12 was the leading event in musical circles in this city for years past. Those taking prominent parts were Otto Harrison, who was called before the curtain three times; James Ryan, and F. J. McNeely, and Mrs. Stokes; violinist; and P. Fitzgerald, cornetist. The orchestra consisted of 20 pieces. The house was crowded. The "Siberia" Co. played to a moderate house 13.... Fan Elitz, skated for an exhibition at the Rink 13.... Coming on the "Willow Cope" 19; Kruger's "Fun in a Cabin".... At Oddfellows' Hall 19-24, Elsie Akerstrom.

**ILLINOIS.**  
Chicago.—Last week was without exception the best theatrical week Chicago has known for many years, no fewer than six first-class attractions catering to the amusement-loving public, and not one of them but played to a fluttering business. Modjeska, at Columbia, was the only one who essayed anything new, and it would perhaps have been just as well for her if she had not added "Prince Zilah" to her repertory. She had previously played it in Buffalo, N. Y., and have produced it 15 to one of the most fashionable audiences that ever filled a Chicago theatre. But the play fell flat.

It is a melodrama in two acts. In the prologue Russian soldiers, under Prince Zilah, in a gipsy camp, are captured by the Austro-Hungarian soldiers in the mountain fastnesses of Hungary. The play proper opens in Paris several years later, where Prince Zilah falls in love with Marza, the daughter of a Russian soldier, but with gipsy blood in her veins. She is Prince Zilah's and engaged, but shortly before their marriage, Count Marko, a Russian noble, arrives in Paris. Several years before, under promise of marriage, Menko had ruined Marza. Because of a living wife, he could not fulfill that promise to them; but, still loving Marza, he has come to Paris to claim her for his own. In the meantime, he has made a fortune, and when they did well, Joseph Newby, breast of the Melrose Girls, has got him self into a very bad box. His present wife, mother of Ada and Anna, has a warrant out against him for bigamy, but Newby received warning in time and skipped the river, and I presume he is now in New York. [Ed. CLIPPER.]

**Paterson.**—The attractions at the Opera-house since my last have been "Taquita" Oct. 14, 15, Baker and Farmer, 16, and Carrolls in "Whose Can It Be?" 17. The Carroll's debut was a decided success. No one of these parties had a good house. W. J. Fiske appears 20, and "The Romany Rye" fills out the week. At the People's Theatre, Fanny Louise Buckingham and a company, conspicuous among whom were two or three "hambone" sprangs, gave a good house 19. Mrs. Louise Buckingham and Manager Phillips appeared before the curtain at the end of the second act, and assured the audience that the necessary changes would be made. The company continued for the remainder of the week. Apropos of that, it is only fair to say that neither Mrs. Buckingham nor Mr. Phillips had a good house. The Melrose Girls, a witty but giddy French company, are being sent to them by an agent. Week of 23-31, Bandman and Beaudet, Graham's "Pavements of Paris" Oct. 26, successful week 17.... The Carrolls, receipts, second act, evening of Oct. 17, were attacked at the door of H. W. Sewell, the former agent, who claims \$180 for salary. An amicable arrangement was made, though the Carrolls say they will contest in court.

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

**Washington.**—At Albaugh's Grand Opera-house, "A Parlor Match" received the usual endorsement of good houses last week. Owing to the sudden and serious illness of Helena French, her sister Minnie assumed the role of Innocent Kidd at a moment's notice, carrying the part with archness of manner and style, and infusing much of her own quaint pertness into the personality. Frank Mayo, in "Nordeck," will hold the boards the current week until Saturday evening, when "Davy Crockett" will be substituted. Oct. 26, "Alone in London."

**NATIONAL THEATRE.**—Robert Reed and "Humbug" scored success in a critical and artistic sense. Week of Oct. 11, "Monte Cristo" is billed to run through this week. Due 26, Harrison and Gourlay.

**Ford's.**—As already announced, Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" will be the attraction this week. Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels played to over-flowing houses last week.

**HERZOG'S OPERA-HOUSE.**—Never before have Robson and Crane received such an ovation in Chicago. Although the second week of "The Two Dromios," "Standing-room Only" was hung out for every performance, and three nights' scores of people were turned away. Emma Abbott's Opera Company this week, and Amberg's Thalia Opera Co. next.

**Carroll's.**—"Museum" Lawrence Barrett's reception has been most satisfactory. No empty seats could be found at any of his performances. He remains two weeks longer.

**HOOLEY'S THEATRE.**—Crowded, jammed, packed houses every night. Goodwin's "Skating-rink" has made a barrel of money. Louis Aldrich is on now with "In His Power." Next week, Sidney Rosenfeld's Opera Co.

**McVicker's THEATRE.**—Coudock's revival of "The Willow Cope" was a great success artistically, but the attendance was only fair. Frederic Bryton succeeded him with "Jack o' Diamonds," and "The Private Secretary" is underlined.

**STANDARD THEATRE.**—Thompson's return-engagement with "The Mikado" was exceedingly profitable. Hanlon Bros.' "Fantasma" is running, with Nat Goodwin's "Skating-rink" to follow.

**PEOPLES THEATRE.**—James H. Wallack's "Bandit King" attracted thousands of people last week. "Wedding Bells" on.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—Curtis made money in "The Willow Cope" last week. This week's card is "Mug's Landing."

**LYCUM THEATRE.**—Fair houses welcomed the Bright Star Specialty Co. and Dan'l Sully's "Capital Prize" is after the dollars this week. Oct. 26, "In the Ranks."

**CRITERION THEATRE.**—Undisputed by the far-off down-town houses, the Criterion was filled every night to a houseful. Catherine Lewis in "The Circus Queen" her new version of "Gladys." This week, Chas. Davis in "Alvin" and "The Taming of the Shrew" 20.

**Ottawa.**—"Beedles & Prindle's" pleasure party had booked at Manager Barker's house for Oct. 22, but the canceled in view of hurry, and, as Barker claims, very unfairly, he having previously refused the date to Kate Castleton.

#### KANSAS.

**Atchison.**—At Price's Opera house, Denier's "Humpty Dumpty" Oct. 13 to only fair house.

**Bryn Mawr.**—"Moths" and "One Night in Rome" were played this week, "Without a Home," by the Gray's Opera House.

**Carroll's.**—Alice Oates will continue this week, playing "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," supported by an excellent company. The Grangers and Robert Ward, skatrical artist, will appear in the olio.

**DET. CLIPPER.**—Frank Hyatt, the lot manager, will be the attraction this week. The Jeal Sisters' "Romany Rye" will be the attraction this week.

**KANSAS CITY.**—(See Page 501.)

**MASSACHUSETTS.**—(See Page 601.)

**Lynn.**—At Music Hall Oct. 12, Clark's "Ten Nights in a Barroom" to a light house; 13 and 14, Chaffrau in "Kit," to fair patronage; 16, Rehan's "A Night Off," to fair business; 17, Dan Maguire in "Lord Tatters" to a fair house; 18, Sam Lucas' Co. in concert, to a good attendance. Coming: 21, 22, 23, 24, Mrs. Davis' "Uncle Tom's Cabin".... At Oddfellows' Hall 19-24, Elsie Akerstrom.

**CANADA.**

**Montreal.**—"After Dark" by King, Hedley's Co., is the bill this week at the Royal. Indications are that it will prove a strong attraction. Wellesley-Sterling Co., in "Danites," delighted large audiences last week.

**OPERAS.**—Fair houses welcomed the Bright Star Specialty Co. for its week of Oct. 19-24.

**DOORKEEPER.**—Hester Abbott of the Olympic was cut in five places by Joseph Goldfarb's morning of 17, as the result of a dispute in a fourth-av. saloon. Goldfarb escaped.

**CHICAGO.**—In the dining palace, must be doing good "biz" above. He was playing Leavenworth, a burg about fifty miles from here, at last accounts.... The advance-agent for the San Francisco Quartet was in town 15, making arrangements for the appearance of that outfit.

**London.**—The Grand has been closed all the week.... A man, who gave his name as Edith Beauchamp, and said he was a news agent from Montreal, was arrested here Oct. 12 in a pawnshop while trying to dispose of a watch and diamonds. The watch was a very valuable one, and on the inside was engraved: "Presented to Joe Lang by his Friends in Buffalo." Manager Davidson of this city telephoned to the Alcazar, and said that the man was arrested just before the rise of the curtain here on a warrant sworn out by Walt Mason of *The Devil's Advocate* for cruelty to animals. Mason made his charge because Maxine Crawford does not advertise with the paper. The affair was a very serious one on the part of the man, who was arrested on a charge of assault and battery. The New Palace Kink, one of the finest in Kansas, will open about the middle of November. Manager Fred Schrader of St. Joseph, Mo., was in town last week.

**Ottawa.**—"Beedles & Prindle's" pleasure party had booked at Manager Barker's house for Oct. 22, but the canceled in view of hurry, and, as Barker claims, very unfairly, he having previously refused the date to Kate Castleton.

**London.**—The Gold King did not make the management rich last week. It is still running, however.

**ALCAZAR THEATRE.**—Amy Gordon warbled "The Maid of the Alcazar" to big houses, but substituted "Pirates of Penzance" for "Fairy Queen" last week. This week's card is "Mug's Landing."

**STANHOPE & EPSTEIN'S MUSEUM.**—This week: Madame and Gen. Carver, the Maid of Anapa, Dannie and Charley, the Alben Wonders, Signor Fiorini and dogs, J. W. Montgomery, Sam Lang and Dolly Sharpless, Beach, Billy Watson, James Cagney, and the Great Hand of Death.

**DOORKEEPER.**—The Old Maid Museum—Old Maid Show, Zip, Belle Boyd, the Leopard-boy, Connors & Adams' Comedy Club.

**London.**—Stokes' concert at the Opera-house Oct. 12 was the leading event in musical circles in this city for years past. Those taking prominent parts were Otto Harrison, who was called before the curtain three times; James Ryan, and F. J. McNeely, and Mrs. Stokes; violinist; and P. Fitzgerald, cornetist. The orchestra consisted of 20 pieces. The house was crowded. The "Siberia" Co. played to a moderate house 13.... Fan Elitz, skated for an exhibition at the Rink 13.... Coming on the "Willow Cope" 19; Kruger's "Fun in a Cabin".... At Oddfellows' Hall 19-24, Elsie Akerstrom.

**London.**—The Grand was occupied Oct. 13, by the Royal Fancasters. Kite, in "Roller-skating," was the attraction. The card is "Danites," delighted large audiences last week.

**London.**—The Grand week of 19: "Mlle. Marthe, Eldora, O'Brien and Redding, Storms and Edwards, the Mortons, Harrison and Berkley. Business good, considering the circumstances.

**London.**—At the Old Maid Opera-house, "We, Us & Co." will be seen Oct. 22, followed by McDowell's Co. on 23. McNeil, Johnson & Slavin's Minstrels 24. Lester & Allen's Minstrels, with J. L. Sullivan, played in a crowded house 12. Patti Rosa gave fine satisfaction.

**London.**—At the Park last week: Harry and Ada Price, Connors and Ray, and Carroll, George, Pa. Ed. Logan and the stock.

**London.**—Patti Rosa, in "Zip," Oct. 15, had a fair house. Campbell a "White Slave" is due 21.

**London.**—At the Opera-house, "We, Us & Co." will be seen Oct. 22, followed by McDowell's Co. on 23. McNeil, Johnson & Slavin's Minstrels 24. Lester & Allen's Minstrels, with J. L. Sullivan, played in a crowded house 12. Patti Rosa gave fine satisfaction.



Central Stakes, a sweepstakes for two-year-olds, \$500 each. h. L. \$600 added, \$100 to second, one mile—Rancocas Stable's Dewdrop, 107, favorite, first, in 1:53 1/4; Millie, 111, second, by eight lengths.... The Dixie Stakes, for two-year-olds, \$100 each, \$1,500 added, \$500 to second, two miles—W. L. Scott's East Lynne, 115, favorite, first, in 3:49 1/4; Richmond, 118, second, by six lengths; Longview, 118, third.... Purse \$600, of which \$100 to second, also aance a mile and a half—W. B. Burch's Colonel Sprague, aged, 112, first, in 2:51; Pontiac, 4—118, favorite, second, by four lengths; Tolu, 4—110, third, by two lengths.... The Great Plimble Steeplechase, handicaps, \$50 each, h. L. \$800 added, \$200 to second, \$100 to third, penalties, about two miles and a half—M. N. Nolan's Bourke Cochran, aged, 169, favorite, first, in 3:47 1/4; Repeater, 5—144, second, by four lengths; Quebec, 6—157, third, close up.

Oct. 15, weather cool and pleasant, attendance good and track very bad: Purse \$500, of which \$100 to second, westerly weights, allowances, one mile—J. E. McDonald's Sam Brown, 5—146, favorite, first, in 1:49; Elmerdon, 3—137, second, by nearly a length; Colonel Clark, 3—137, third.... The Oriole Handicap, a sweepstakes for all ages, \$50 each, h. L. \$600 added, \$100 to second, a mile and a furlong—Oden Bowie's Bessie, 5—100, first, in 2:01 1/4; Swift, 5—107, favorite, second, by a length; Enigma, 4—101, third, by less than a length.... Purse \$900, weights 7b under the scale, \$100 to second, penalties, non-winning and winning allowances, a mile and five furlongs—J. E. McDonald's Foster, 6—110, third, by five lengths.... Purse \$500, of which \$100 to second, selling allowances, a mile and a quarter—C. Van's Sovereign Pat, 5—110, favorite, first, in 2:18 1/4; Tony Foster, 5—105, second.... Purse \$600, allowances, \$100 to second, mite heats—J. T. Williams, Bob Miles, 4—113, favorite, first; Frankie B., 6—105, won first heat, second. Time 1:47 1/4; 1:49 1/4.

Oct. 16, weather clear and warm, attendance very good and track much improved: Purse \$500, for two-year-olds, \$100 to second, allowances, seven furlongs—Rancocas Stable's Pontico, 105, favorite, first, in 1:32; Elkwood, 100, second, by a length; Millie, 102, third, by a neck.... The Vestal Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, \$25 each, \$500 added, \$100 to second, a mile and a half—W. L. Scott's East Lynne, 115, favorite, first, in 2:41 1/4; Unrest, 115, second, by two lengths; Maumee, 115, third, by a length and a half.... Purse \$500, selling allowances, \$100 to second, a mile and a furlong—G. W. Jennings' Tony Foster, 5—110, first, in 1:59; John C., 3—97, second, by a neck; Windfall, 3—93, favorite, third, by two lengths.... Purse \$500, of which \$100 to second, allowances, a mile and a furlong—C. Van's Sovereign Pat, 5—105, first; Pontiac, 4—113, favorite (with first heat), second. Time 1:58; 1:59 1/4; 2:04.... Purse \$350, selling allowances, \$50 to second, six furlongs—H. Pettigill's Queen Esther, aged, 104, favorite, first, in 1:17; Rosette, 3—165, second, by three lengths; Pat Dennis, 5—106, third, by a like distance.... Handicap-steeplechase, purse \$500, regular course—Excelsior Stable's Abraham, aged, walked over.

Oct. 17, closing day of the meeting: weather, attendance and trade all good: Purse \$500, for non-winners, \$100 to second, allowances, seven-furlong heats—G. W. Jennings' Tony Foster, 5—105, first, in 1:46 (with second heat) second. Time 1:29 1/4; 1:30; 1:32 1/2.... The Eclectic Stakes, for two-year-olds, \$100 each, h. L. \$1,200 added, \$200 to second, allowances, one mile—Rancocas Stable's Dewdrop, 107, favorite, first, in 1:44 1/4; Radford, 104, third, by two lengths.... The Breckenridge Stakes, for three-year-olds, \$300 each, \$100 added, \$100 to second, penalties, two miles—Laramay Bros., Longview, 118, first, in 3:38 1/2; Wanda, 115, favorite, second, by a length; Wanda, 115, third, by a length.... Handicap-sweepstakes for all ages, \$15 each, \$500 added, \$100 to second, a mile and a quarter—C. H. Pettigill's Valet, 6—105, first, in 2:11 1/4; Farewell, 104, second, by two lengths; Enigma, 4—101, third, by three lengths.... The Brooklyn Stakes, a sweepstakes for all ages, \$100 each, h. L. \$400 added, \$400 to second, three miles—J. T. Williams; Bob Miles, 4—113, favorite, first; Frankie B., 6—105, third, by a like distance.... Purse \$500, regular course—Excelsior Stable's Abraham, aged, walked over.

### ROWING IN BRAZILIAN WATERS.

A correspondent of *The Baltimore Sun* on board the flagship Lancaster, of the South American squadron, writing from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Sept. 15, gives the following brief account of a regatta between ship crews, in which America's representatives won honors:

The boat-racing spirit which had been dormant since the defeat of our "Uncle Sam" in Southampton a year ago, was again revived, and boatmen were practicing every morning and night. Yesterday, Sept. 14, a grand international regatta, a continuation of the 7th of September festivities, came off, and our barge entered the 16th boat races. The prize consisted of a beautiful silver bowl, and the four foreign odds, three smaller ones at the base and one on top. Beneath the upper bowl is a female figure in silver, holding a basket in her hands. On the base are suitable inscriptions in Portuguese. The whole is valued at \$1,000. The boatmen were divided into two classes, the race by a mile and received the prize to day, when it was duly exhibited on the half-deck. The race track was across the mouth of the harbor, five miles in a straight line, and visible from the ship. The opposing boat was a Brazilian, a small racing craft, and in another race the Nipic pulled out a second cutter in another race won a prize value at fifteen pounds. An English boat from the Ruby also won a prize. The Brazilian crews won nothing, though they had some smart-looking boats.

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### YALE CLASS RACES.

The annual Fall races between the classes of Yale College were rowed at Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven, Oct. 14, with the following result.

*Single-scall shells*, a mile and a half, turn—Robert Appleton, '86, first, in 11m. 47s.; Percy Bolton, '86, second, in 12m. 56s.; F. R. Cooley, '86, third, in 14m. 28s.; C. E. Hellier, '86, last, in 15m. 38s.

*Straight-barge*, one mile, straightaway—Academy Freshmen, bow (bow), Morse, Donnelly, Newell, West; Bishop (stroke), Ames (coxswain), first, in 6m. 58s.; Scientific Freshmen, Bow (bow), Bond, Dockendorff, Carter, Stewart, Franchet (stroke), Esterbrook (coxswain), second, by sixteen seconds.

*Eight-oared shells*, two miles, straightaway—Juniors, Copley (bow), Hartridge, Burke, Hale, Holly, Middlebrook, Rogers, Caldwell (stroke), Haven (coxswain), first, in 12m. 25s.; Sophomores, Woodward (bow), Hurd, Bissell, Campbell, Cross, Farlington, Lux, Stevenson (stroke), Youmans (coxswain), second, in 12m. 30s. It was one of the hardest races ever rowed by class crews, and both were quite exhausted at the finish. Referee, Alf. Cowles.

### BASEBALL.

#### THE SONG OF THE CHICAGOS.

Should you ask me whence this legend, Whence the story of the Autumn, I would answer, I will tell you, 'Tis the song of how we got there, Of the team that's come to stay, And the boasters, the Manhattans, In the land of the Pormakas, Close beside the big blue water.

From the East came the Manhattans, From the land of Knickerbockers, Came with might from Nutrie, The big blue water, the Manhattans, Saying, "We will teach these gophers, How to wield the heavy game ball."

Teach them what the game ball is— We will show them the Pormakas!" Then the wise men, the Pormakas, Sent the Kicker posse, their young men, Saying to them: "Meet these giants, Put an end to all this nonsense."

Surprise them, the Pormakas, Show them what the game of ball is!"

And the Kicker posse, the young men, Nine reluctant, modest, young men— Struggled with the proud Manhattans, Took the twister, Hartington, And the curvy curve, Paul Zab.

Sent them onward, sent them onward, With the flight of bird of swiftness, Of the grousse, the Muskhodas.

Or the heron, the Shum-huh-gah, Past the deep, deep, deep, leaf her, Past it for many bases, Sent the skimmer, Daisycuttah, And the flier, the Skyscrappah;

Ran like deer between the bases, Ran like deer between the bases, That they showed lagging behind them, So that often, when the batter,

Reached the home plate in his running, Back at second base his shadow Would be cast on the field behind him.

And the Kicker posse, the young men, In the field were like the panther, Swift and lithe and keen of eyesight, Seized the grounder, Teathemudup, And their prey, the Kicker posse.

Hit them hard, them backward to the bases As the lightning sends its flashes, Slaughtered them there the proud Manhattans,

Slaughtered them as they were running, Took the lead, and won their wampum.

And the overrunning Man, This Iago, the great boaster,

Saw the fery eyes of Panguk Gleaming at him in the sunshine.

From the land of Knickerbockers Came a sound of lamentation,

"We're here, we're here," said our young men, Who have sought the Pormakas!

There was gloom within their lodges, But, beside the big blue water,

In the lodges of the village, Village of the wild Pormakas (Great sports for summer),

There was sung the song of triumph, Of the Kicker posse, the young men,

Danced the scal-dance, Paanthetowndred.

"Can it be the sun descending Over the level plain of water, Or the bright floating morning, Staining all the waves with crimson?"

No, it is the bright reflection Of the pennant, Itsourpundah, Gleaming on the lake's blue surface,

In the land of the Pormakas.

In the city of Chicago. *Chicago Tribune.*

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### FROM THE HUB.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 18.

**EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER:** In conversation with several lovers of the game, the action of the League and Association in New York last week was characterized as entirely too dictatorial and selfish. There cannot be any reason adduced why any club should receive less than he is worth. While all will be forced to admit that there are plenty of players who have a market value of over \$2,000, those means to say that Kelly, Anson, Brouthers, Radburn, O'Rourke, Conner, Ewing, Bowe, Richardson, Bennett, Dunlap, Glasscock in the League and many in the American Association are not worth more than that figure? Decidedly, they have been and are being paid more than they are worth, but so have actors and singers. And that one-sided remark applied to ball-tossers, "How much could they get in any other trade?" will apply to the other professions. The writer was in favor of no salary at over \$3,000, or at the least \$2,500, but it had turned out differently. The question now arises, will the players be fired with the old ambition? Will it not make players careless, and will not the \$4,200 man play half as well at \$2,000? Here at once is an evil that managers will have to contend with. Arise it will, and the will show itself.

At the end of the 11th, 30s., Referee Ormond shouted "Go!" Hanian and Lee caught the water first with a clean, powerful stroke. Courtney and mate were caught napping. Neither sat at the instant squarely in his seat. Courtney, indeed, was looking about him, and before he or his mate had touched the water, the others were away ten feet at least. Here the race began and ended. Hanian and Lee increased their lead with a steady thirty-eight stroke. Courtney and Conley pulling unevenly. In this order they continued for the first quarter of a mile, Hanian and Lee gaining a lead of three-quarters of a length. Then Courtney and Conley settled down to steady work, and the crews kept the same relative distance to the half-mile. At the end of the first mile Hanian and mate increased the gap. Courtney and Conley steered wildly. They zigzagged all over the course, from the mile to the turn, which they made clumsily. They rowed steadily after making the turn. Ending on the last mile Hanian and Lee had the race well in hand, and began to take things coolly, with three open lengths between them, and Courtney and Conley, giving up the latter's water. When two and one-half miles were completed Hanian and Lee rested a few seconds, and again further on. When Courtney and Conley had nearly reached their stern Hanian and Lee settled down to work, and with a dozen strokes sent their shell four lengths into the lead, but slacked up and won by three lengths. Their stated time was 18m. 15s.; Courtney and Conley, 18m. 24 1/2s.

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**GOULD vs. HERREHOFF:** Having been unable to secure the race he was after between the Stileto and the Atlanta, on the Hudson, John B. Herrehoff has made formal protest to the American Yacht Club against the recent action of the regatta committee in awarding the prizes in dispute to the Atlanta. He raises the point that the committee had no right to reverse their original decision, which was in favor of the Stileto. A meeting of the club has been called for Oct. 27 to consider the protest.

J. A. GAUDAUER and Al. Hamm have been secured to row a three-mile race for a purse at Creve Coeur Lake, near St. Louis, Mo., shortly. Hamm will receive a start of five seconds.

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**IN SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 13,** the game between the Stars of that city and the visiting Providence Club was ended by darkness in a draw, each having scored two in six innings. The Stars next visited Ithaca, where on Oct. 15 and 16 they were defeated by the Cornell College nine by scores of 8 to 5 and 7 to 6.

**MANAGER CURTIS' ACMES** played the Metropolitans Oct. 16 at the Polo Grounds, and gave the ex-champions of the American Association a lively contest, the final figures being 8 to 5.

**HARD HITTING** helped the Uticas to defeat the Providence by 16 to 10 Oct. 14 in Utica, N. Y. The home-team scored thirteen runs in the seventh and eighth innings.

### THE BASEBALL CONFERENCE.

**The League and National Association in Harmony.**

Oct. 16, the respective conference committees of the National League and the American Association met at their rooms at the Fifth-avenue Hotel, in this city, to finish up the work of the Saratoga conference of Aug. 24, each committee reporting to its own association the outcome of the Saratoga conference for adoption. The conference meeting followed the 16th boat races, came off with an interval, until that same morning, the Soden of Boston, with Messrs. Day and Spivak of the League a division, and with the American Association present, the last acting as secretary. Delegates from all the League and American clubs were present at the hotel during the day.

When the conference adjourned, the two associations held separate special meetings to ratify the work of the Conference Committee, and these meetings did not close until night of Oct. 17, the outcome being the adoption of a new National Agreement, which was signed by the presidents of the two organizations.

All questions outside of the National Agreement were left to be adjudicated upon by the Arbitration Committee of the two associations, that of the League consisting of Messrs. Soden, Day and Rogers, and of the American Association Messrs. Phelps and Nimick.

The following is a copy of the new National Agreement:

**First.** This document shall be entitled the National Agreement, and shall be the substitute for all other agreements similar to or otherwise designated subsisting between the parties hereto.

**Second.** No contract shall be made for services of any kind by any club member of any party hereo, for a period of one year, or for a longer period, and no such contract for services to be rendered prior to the 20th day of October of such year. Nor shall any club member be bound by any contract to be made with any club or agent thereof, and any player for services to be rendered in an ensuing year, prior to the said 20th day of October. Every contractual shall be forwarded within ten days after its execution to the secretary of the association of which the club is a member, for record, and to the president and approver, who shall forthwith notify the secretary of the other association party hereto and the other club members of his association.

The third section relates to black-listed players:

**Fourth.** Immediately upon the execution of this agreement, and the acceptance of the same by the other association party hereto shall transmit to the secretary of the other association party hereto a complete list of all players then under contract, and all who were on Aug. 24, 1888, under contract with the several club members, and shall annually on the 10th day of October, and thereafter annually, under contract with the several club members of such association, and such players, together with all others hereafter to be lawfully contracted with by such club members, are to be ineligible to contract with any club or agent to be or to become a member of either association party hereto, except as hereinafter provided.

**Fifth.** This document shall be entitled the National Agreement, and shall be the substitute for all other agreements similar to or otherwise designated subsisting between the parties hereto.

**Sixth.** No club not a member of either association party hereto shall be entitled to membership in either association expressed in writing to the secretary thereof, for a period of six days after the said club has been admitted, if said admission be not so accepted, said player may negotiate and contract with any other club. The secretary of such association shall send notice to the secretary of the other association of such player's release on the date thereof and of the services rendered by him to the club.

**Seventh.** No club not admit ineligible men playing on teams in championship or other contests.

**Eighth.** No club shall pay to any of its players for one season's service a salary in excess of \$2,000, nor shall any club employing a player and portion of his services pay maximum salary, nor advance payment for such services prior to the 1st day of April in any year, except a sum of money in the month of March to pay for the transportation of said player from his place of residence to such club, in a location provided that any player to whom the provision of this agreement applies, whose services are required by any club member of the Association parties hereto, shall be construed as giving authority to said club to pay to him the amount of his services at a rate of one-half of the amount of his services, or a portion of section of the constitution of either association party hereto.

**Ninth.** The Board of Arbitration, consisting of three duly accredited representatives from each of the associations parties hereto, shall convene as soon as practicable after the execution of this agreement, at a place mutually to be arranged, and shall organize the election of a chairman, secretary, and such other officers as shall be deemed necessary to meet and proper. They may make and from time to time revoke, alter and repeal all necessary rules and regulations, not inconsistent with this agreement, for their procedure and for the general transaction of their business.

**Tenth.** In addition to all matters that may be specially referred to the said Board, the said Board shall have sole and exclusive jurisdiction of all disputes and complaints arising under, and all interpretations of this agreement; they shall also, in the interests of harmony and peace, arbitrate upon and decide all disputes between the associations parties hereto and between a club member of one and a club member of the other association party hereto; provided, that nothing in this agreement shall be construed as giving authority to the





## FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

From hill and plane to the State of Maine  
The veterans toiled along.  
And they rent the air with the tuneful blare  
Of trumpets and of song.  
That their throats were dry there will none deny,  
But little they recked, I ween,  
As they gathered round on the old camp-ground  
To drink from the same canteen.

The tales of old were again retold,  
And they sang of the War once more—  
Till the word went round like a trumpet-sound:  
"Let us drink to the days of yore!"  
A rapturous glee that was fair to see  
Enveloped the martial scene,  
But there came a change that was pitiful strange  
When they drank from the old canteen.

The veteran strong sings now a song  
That is keyed in the grand old strain,  
And the air is blue with the hubbub noise  
Of the soldiers who marched to Maine;  
Not even beer is the proffered cheer,  
Nor a jug or a flask is seen.  
But it's lemonade of a watery grade  
That they drink from the same canteen.

—Williamsport *Breakfast Table*.

## BEN HEWLETT'S WHALE:

A Successful Manager's Interesting Little History.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY R. B. HILL.

No showman in the country has had a more varied experience than Ben Hewlett, who is now the respected manager of a very successful theatre in one of the leading Southern cities. Mr. Hewlett was in New York for some weeks during the summer, securing novelties for the coming season, and the boys determined to give him a supper. It was known that there was something a little queer about his sudden rise in the world, for there are many of "the profession" who remember him a few years back as the harassed proprietor of a dubious sideshow organization attached to one of the "greatest on earth" aggregations; and previous to that time the genial Ben had been interested in a Bowery museum, which went to smash through the avarice of a giant who insisted on having more than the gross receipts of the concern during his engagement.

So it was thought that under the mellowing influence of good company, plenty of wine and the fumes of fragrant cigars, Mr. Hewlett might be led to unbosom himself and "give away" the details of his rocket-like rise in the world. The sequel will show that the boys judged rightly.

A mater supper was never served, and a more appreciative, brilliant and good-natured set of Theopians were never assembled around a festive board than greeted Mr. Hewlett. Between the clinking of the glasses the guess of the evening was gently led onward to the verge of his recital, and when the cigars were lit he was ripe for it.

"Now, old boy, tell us all about it—make a clean breast and have done with it," said Will Rosster, the new leading-man engaged for Mr. Hewlett's theatre. Whereupon Ben smiled slightly, threw himself back in his chair and began:

"Of course there's a woman at the bottom of it," he said; "there's always a woman at the bottom of most everything in this world, good or evil; but this thank Heaven, the little woman is always for good and never for evil. So before we proceed let us drink to the health of this dear little woman." The party stood, and the glasses clinked.

"You see," continued Ben when all were again seated, "I played in Infernally hard luck after I made that big success in Philadelphia in 1875. I took the same company of freaks and other curiosities on the road, but I guess everybody had been to the Centennial and had seen my show there, for business was awful light. So in 1875 I abandoned the side-show racket, and went to work to study out a novelty—something that would astonish the natives.

There was a good deal in the papers about that time concerning sea-serpents, and my mind got to running on this sort of phenomena. I wanted a sea-serpent bad, but I had no idea where to corral the genuine article, it flashed into my head that I might with a little trouble, manufacture something that would look horrible enough to draw the public. So I read all the sea-serpent stories, carefully, and out of the papers all the graphic descriptions of these reptiles that the imaginative reporters evolved, and preserved all the wood-cuts representing them that I came across. Better than this, I incidentally heard of a poor devil who was just recovering from his second series of *delirium tremens*, and visited him. I made him tell me over and over exactly how the monsters that had pursued him looked until I had formed my ideal of what a first-class, blood-curdling sea-serpent ought to be. Then, being in Boston at the time, I took the horse-cars and went over to Chelsea and consulted with the proprietors of a big rubber factory in that town. The result was that in three or four weeks I had all ready for business one of the most terrific-looking amphibious beasts ever dreamed of by a drunken sailor.

I made a proposition to anchor the serpent pretty close to a high-toned hotel at one of the fashionable beach resorts near Boston, and had already entered into negotiations with some of the boys on the daily press for the *How to give the name of a good write-up*, when the hotel-keeper suddenly and then I made up my mind to strike Southward.

"One beautiful August morning I found myself in Norfolk, Va., with the serpent packed carefully away in a big box. I left it in my room at the hotel, while Charley Wright, my assistant, and myself went out to interview the natives and ascertain where to make a good stand. This part of the business had to be carried on in a very delicate manner, as we were entire strangers, and it would never do to have the people suspect what our little game was.

In a certain barroom we met a group of talkative idlers, and learned that a few miles from the city an immense new hotel had recently been opened by a party who expected that all its rooms would be taken at once by Washington, Baltimore and Northern aristocrats in search of health and recreation. But it seemed that he, like many other landladies, was a *softy*. So far he had been miserably bad, and it was told that he was on the point of closing up his house. Something told me that this was my man, and I at once set to work to get an interview with him. The next steamer that ran by the big new hotel landed me there. I found that the landlord was really in despair; the season was at its height, and yet his several hundred rooms were nearly all vacant. After an hour's talk with him he seemed to have a faint idea of what I meant, and we came to an understanding. My assistant and myself returned to Norfolk and unpacked the sea-serpent.

"In the cold, dim, gray dawning of the next morning two rough-looking seamen wearing heavy pea-jackets rowed ashore right in front of the big hotel where so many rooms were vacant. These uncouth men set up a loud howling as they staggered out on the beach, which caused the windows of the few rooms occupied by guests to be thrown up and heads to be thrown forth. Soon the pitiful story of two poor shipwrecked mariners who had barely escaped with their lives, and were now adrift in the darkness of night, spread through the house, and the pity which this story awakened was mingled with a feeling of curiosity and excitement aroused by a strange tale told by the mariners of a terrible and wonderful sea-beast they had seen only a short distance from the hotel beach.

"Parties were at once organized and boats put out to look for the serpent, which was found as represented in a little cove, lashing the water with its fearful tails and opening and shutting its three or four pairs of jaws with savage regularity. The scared beholders did not know that those awful tails and frightful fangs were manipulated by hidden ropes pulled by the two unfortunate seamen in pea-jackets, who were concealed among the trees close to the bank. It would have been cruel to spoil their love of the horrible and sensational by letting them into all the vulgar details.

"After the serpent had given a pretty good performance, he was scientifically submerged, and

the astounded people went back to the hotel to partake of the sight they had seen. Well, to make a long story short, the whole Southern sea-board went wild over the sea-serpent, and the hotel that had erstwhile been as a graveyard flourished like a green bay-tree. The serpent was judiciously moved (at night, of course) from one point to another, and meddlesome scientists, heroic young fishermen and others of a too-inquiring disposition were never allowed to approach too near to it. But as much of a success as it all was for that miserable, giddy landlord, I got left pretty badly, for one night an oyster-dredging party ran their clumsy puny into the delicate underparts of my beautiful serpent and cut him all to pieces. The oyster dredgers never knew, perhaps, what their vessel had done, but I did the next morning when we went to prepare the snake for an exhibition.

"To add to my bad luck, the avaricious and ungrateful landlord got mad and refused to pay me one quarter of what he had agreed to. My assistant and myself went back to Norfolk both feeling pretty bitter.

"But I determined to get even with these Virginians before I left them, and to this end I endeavored to make my brain for a new scheme. All at once it came to me—like an inspiration, as somebody has said. I turned to Charley Wright and said:

"As there are no 'freaks' or curiosities of any kind that we can get hold of in this God-forsaken country, I'll make something that they'll all come to see. Charley, I'm going to have a whale!"

"The boy stared as if my eyes would pop out of his head, but as he knew that I was speaking in earnest, he said nothing.

"The next thing to be done, I told him, was to find a good retired place in which to work. It must be out-of-doors, and where no curious peering eyes could play the spy. In the task of finding such a place I set Charley, and then I went down to the wharf to look up my materials. In the course of the day I purchased three empty sugar-hogheads, one very large and two of a smaller size. Then I got about a hundred yards of heavy, unbleached cotton cloth; some boards, staves, laths; three or four old buggy shafts; hammers, nails, paint, brushes, and a feather-duster, with plenty of red feathers in it. These materials had been carted by different draymen to one spot, where they lay piled up in heterogeneous, inharmonious crookedness of outline.

"That night my man Charley reported that he had found the very place in which to work. The boy had led to an old colored resident, telling him that he was about to graduate from college, and wanted to find a spot where he might practice oratory all day long and where no human being would interfere with him. The old man showed him the place, and he said nothing.

"It is a little grove on Col. Mayhew's plantation," said Charley, "and not far from the beach. Nobody ever ventures on the Colonel's land, for the old man has filled a good many trespassers full of buckshot. Just now he is down with rheumatism, and we will be safe. There is nobody at his house but his daughter, who has recently come home from school, and I guess she won't pepper us."

"I hired a mule team of a thrifty African, and by the light of the moon Charley and I transferred the purchases of the day to Col. Mayhew's isolated chestnut grove. The next morning bright and early Charley stood guard, and I commenced the manufacture of an Al sperm whale.

"An old fakir had told me once how the thing could be done in case of necessity, and I had not forgotten his words. And wasn't this a case of necessity, if there ever was one in the world? Here was I, a stranger in a strange land, almost a pauper, with my pride and hope, destroyed by ruthless hands and my strength laughed to scorn by the men who had saved me. I had saved from bankruptcy, Verily, said I, the people who have danced must now pay the piper."

"It was a big job I had on hand, but I threw off my coat and tackled it with good spirit. First, I placed my biggest hoghead on its side and then laid one of the smaller barrels on either side of it—each small barrel being placed about twelve feet from the central one. Then I nailed long boards and laths to the sides and top of all three barrels, securing them firmly together and giving the structure much the shape of a huge fish—large in the middle and tapering at both ends. It was dark by the time I got this much done, for there was a great deal of sawing, measuring, hammering, etc., required, and I was not a carpenter by trade. Charley and I went back to town and that night I slept very sweetly. Reward of honest toil, you know."

"I was pretty stiff in my joints the next morning, but we went bravely to work. We made the framework for the whale and tall during that day. The whale was formed with largely artistically shaped, and the huge mouth and jaws were cut out by a skillful arrangement of the carriage shafts.

"On the third day we began to put the skin on. Charley helped me at this, as seeing does not require one to make a noise. It didn't take us many hours to cover up the framework with the canvas, and I had again commenced the task of painting our fish the proper color, when a musical, chiming voice at my back exclaimed:

"'Goodness, why, it's as big as a whale!'

"The paint-pot nearly fell from my grasp, so startled was I, but I mustered up all the reserve courage I possessed and forced myself to turn and see who it was that had discovered—and ruined us.

"The girlish face that peered out from its framework of green shrubbery was frank, pretty and winning. The brown eyes twinkled merrily as if to say: 'I know your little game, sir, but am not the kind of girl to give it away; in fact, I rather like it.'

"I couldn't speak, but had sense enough left to realize my hat to the apparition of beauty, upon which I quickly gathered up her dainty skirts and, tripping in and out space by my side, pointed in with my hand and at last asked:

"What is it?"

"I looked in her eyes and somehow seemed to know that I could trust her. 'I'm a whale,' I answered. Whereupon she laughed until she cried, and danced about on a perfect paroxysm of delightful hysterics. By the time she had got through, Charley had dusted off a space on the whale's tail and politely asked her to sit down.

"Now," said she, when her laughing fit had somewhat subsided, "won't you tell me what it's for? You see, I'm so wretchedly lonesome here that I must perform be ignorant also. I've not been long from Staunton, where I've been in the seminary for four years, and where we girls did have such good times. And dear papa is down with the rheumatism, as is cross as a bear, and there's no body to talk to and nowhere to go. I'm so glad I've found you two gentlemen, and am so interested in what you are making. Now, won't you tell me all about it? If I promise truly and cross my heart not to tell, you know."

"How could I resist this delightfully frank and beautiful girl? I couldn't but just sit down close to her, introduced myself and my assistant, and then, with as much eloquence as I could command, launched into a detailed account of the outrages we had suffered at the hands of her fellow-countrymen. She sympathized beautifully, and was perfectly carried away with the boldness, originality and audacity of my whale scheme.

"So you're going to make the inside of his mouth and his gums with that common little feather duster, are you?" she said excitedly. "Now, Mr. Hewlett, I've got a much better idea than that: I'll sew you some nice red-flannel gums for him in just the right shape, and papa's got a whole lot of animals' and fishes' teeth which I'll bring if you'll accept them."

"And off this lovely bit of sinner went to fetch the articles. She remained with us all that day while the painting progressed. Indeed, she brought out her own delicate artist's materials, and made better eyes for the whale than I could have done.

"It's just too delightfully jolly," she would say. "How they would rave if they ever found out how we had fooled them!"

"Yes, this charming Miss Mayhew actually considered herself one of us—put herself on a level with Ben Hewlett and Charley Wright, two as shady side-showmen (I've never seen you know) as ever I've blown to the groaning of a sick hand-organ."

"At last the whale was finished, and he was a beauty. I had telegraphed North for one of my largest tents, and it had arrived and been set up on a vacant lot in Norfolk. Nettie (for so we had come to call Miss Mayhew already) furnished us with her father's big wagon and four oxen, and the whale was loaded up. On either side of the wagon were great strips of canvas with huge letters painted thereon, telling that this was the *argest whale ever captured*, and when and where it was to be exhibited.

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"But my lady-fair herself had an unexpected objection to my plan.

"Look here, sir," said she that evening when I was leaving her: we have both been very wicked and have done wrong, and I'll never marry you until you promise me to do one thing."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Take that thing—that whale—and sink it in the river, and never deceive people again."

"I hesitated a little at first, but Nettie frowned and I promised.

"Well, of course the Colonel kicked at first, what could he do? In the first place, I loved Nettie and Nettie loved me, and we were resolved not to parted. In the next place, Nettie was the possessor of a snug fortune in her own right, left her by her mother, and, being of age, was her own master.

"Thirdly, the Colonel was a man of very well and knew nothing against me, being ignorant of the sea-serpent business and the anatomy of my whale. Therefore he gave a growling consent, and Nettie hugged and kissed him into good humor.

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"The next night there was heard a great splash in the river off Portsmouth, and that whale, which the one in the 'Olivette' song, was seen no more.

"Nettie and I were married in time, and I'm now







# AN UNPARALLELED SUCCESS IN THE ANNALS OF THEATRICALS

NOT ONLY A NEW YORK SUCCESS NOW, BUT SUCCESSFUL EVERYWHERE. AN ACTRESS  
IN ALL THE WORD IMPLIES, NOT AN IMITATOR.

# MYRA GOODWIN as "SIS"

In EDWARD E. KIDDER'S Beautiful Comedy Drama. Supported by the Popular Comedian  
GEORGE RICHARDS

And her own Superb Company. Splendid Properties, Elegant Costumes and Elaborate Printing. One of the Most complete and Thoroughly Equipped Organizations on the Road. EN ROUTE.

J. T. MACUIRE, Manager.

## LOOK AT THE RECORD. WHEN HAS IT EVER BEEN EQUALLED.

Miss Myra Goodwin appeared at the Olympic last night in Kidder's new comedy drama, "Sis." It is clear, wholesome, and sparkles with wit and crisp, laughable comedy touches. Not many plays are written nowadays in which the lines contain genuine food for laughter without the necessity of some sort of a trick or a pun. "Sis" has one of these. It serves, too, as a good groundwork for Miss Goodwin's qualities, and they are unusually attractive. She is sprightly and magnetic as a soubrette, and sings sweetly and takingly. She is a remarkably graceful and natural actress. One of the best qualities of her naturalness, and every time she does it done in an easy, graceful and artistic way.—ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

The play, as a whole, is full of life and action, and the audience last night were thoroughly delighted with the performances of the company. The play is a comedy, with a delightful voice, and the ballad-singer and one of the best dancers ever seen on the St. Louis stage. She will grow upon the public, as it is easily apparent that she possesses uncommon ability as a soubrette. There is nothing else for it but to let her continue to grow upon the occasion as a decided hit. Miss Goodwin's voice is full of laughter and tears. Her snores last night were numberless.—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

Miss Goodwin is bright and fresh. She takes a number

part to perfection, yet it is not of the Lotta and Maggie Mitchell type. It is original with her. She dances as any vaudeville star might envy her, and her actions are full of life.—ST. LOUIS SPECTATOR.

Mr. Kidder has constructed a very entertaining comedy play, and the company has done well in presenting it. It appeared at Crawford's last evening to an overflowing house. The piece is bright and sketchy, with an agreeable admixture of mirth and sentiment. Miss Goodwin is favored with a many voice, which, with her bewitching manners and artistic dancing, lends additional interest to her impersonations. The other characters were well sustained, and the entire play well received.—THE TOPEKA COMMONWEALTH.

A more industrious little actress appeared last evening at the Opera House, in Edward E. Kidder's "Sis," which has been much advertised but scarcely done justice to by any of the exchanges that have come to us. The play is superior to most of its class with its brisk dialogue and touches of melodrama as background to the comedy parts. The chief honor must go to Miss Goodwin, who, though she has not had the opportunity to appear in a drama, has done a decided hit. Miss Goodwin, the star, is an animated, bright little actress. She costumes the part prettily, and gives a perfectly pure, refined picture of an innocent, open hearted girl.—KANSAS CITY JOURNAL.

Miss Myra Goodwin appeared at Coates' last night, in a very clever little comedy entitled "Sis." Miss Goodwin proved herself very much of an actress, and justified all the praise which has been bestowed upon her wherever she appears.—KANSAS CITY STAR.

Miss Myra Goodwin appeared before a Fort Scott audience last night, and if the audience present was indicative of the esteem in which she is held by the Fort Scott people, the certainly takes away with her a clear opinion of our company.—"Sis" has been a great success, and the critics have not been slow in their approbation of her. Miss Goodwin's voice is full of life and tears. Her snores last night were numberless.—ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

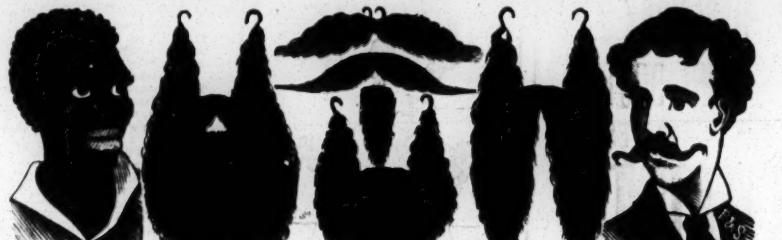
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is commonplace to express an idea of her grace and charm. In emotional scenes when her whole heart is swelling over longing and in anguish her voice is clear and her mind is set and held by the powerful emotions as to move the liver or lead all the pure soul of an innocent child racked with pain in her face, and there are no words in her voice that find echo in the hearts of all her audience. As a whole, Dallas has never had a play of its character superior to this. Miss Goodwin is in full command with her voice. She captivates wherever she goes, and she improves on acquaintance. She never in any scene, whether it be emotional or humorous, seems to come up to her full capacity, but has a power in reserve, should it be needed to be called on.—DALLAS DAILY TIMES.

Miss Myra Goodwin made her first appearance last evening before a Dallas audience, and the opinion was unanimous among those who witnessed her performance that this little lady is the peer of Lotta, and possesses qualities which Lotta lacks. She comes unadorned, new-candied, for though unadorned, she will leave an unadorned favorite, carrying with her the verdict of most unqualified approval. Those who witnessed her charming impersonations of the frolicsome girl carried home the pleasantest recollections of a little lady who is destined

to reach the summit of success in her particular line of business, and in this she excels those who have preceded her. Her voice is full of promise, her stage presence is inviting, and her ways more than winsome. Her return to Dallas will be eagerly watched by those who have already made her acquaintance, for then she must surely be bring with her the plaudits of the whole country, and the love of congenitally earned success.—DALLAS DAILY HERALD.

Little Myra Goodwin and her excellent company appeared at the Opera house yesterday afternoon and evening, repeating their triumphs of the evening before. Miss Goodwin is a sprightly and winsome little wench, as ever laughed and chattered and kicked up her heels before an interested and captivated audience. She has all the bright vivacity of Lotta with the grace and beauty of Minnie Palmer. She can outsing either of them, and is the most graceful dancer ever to appear. Her figure is plump with promise, and if she keeps on the way she has begun and is going, we predict that in a few years she will rank as the leading favorite in her line on the stage.—DALLAS DAILY HERALD.



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